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A  
GARLAND  
OF  
NEW SONGS.

The Mid-watch  
Faithful Mary  
Poor Jack  
Ned Mizen  
Heaving of the Lead.



Newcastle upon Tyne:

Printed by J. Marshall, in the Old Flesh-Market.

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*The Mid Watch.*

**W**HEN 'tis night, and the mid watch  
is come,  
And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd  
main,  
Then sailors think of their far distant home,  
And of those friends they ne'er may see  
again ;  
But when the fight's begun,  
Each serving at his gun,  
Should any thought of them come o'er  
your mind,  
Think, only should the day be won,  
How 'twill cheer  
Their hearts to hear  
That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind  
Have left on shore—some pretty girl and  
true,  
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,  
And sighs to think how it may fare with  
you ;  
O when the fight's begun,  
And serving at your gun,  
Should any thought of her come o'er your  
mind,

Think, only should the day be won,  
 How 'twill cheer  
 Her heart to hear  
 That her own true sailor he was one.

*Faithful Mary.*

**T**HE decks were clear'd, the gallant  
 band

Of British tars, each other cheering,  
 Each kindly shook his messmate's hand,  
 With hearts resolv'd, no danger fearing;  
 Ben Block turn'd pale, yet 'twas not fear,  
 Ben thought he had beheld some fairy,  
 When on the deck he saw appear,  
 In seaman's dress, his faithful Mary.

Her cheeks assum'd a crimson glow,  
 Yet such for love her noble daring,  
 No prayers could keep her down below,  
 With Ben she'd stay, all perils sharing;  
 When cruel fate ordain'd it so,  
 Ere Ben had time to say, How fare ye,  
 An envious ball convey'd the blow,  
 That clos'd in death the eyes of Mary.

Ben's arms receiv'd the falling fair :

Grief, rage, and love, his bosom tearing,  
His eyes reflected wild despair,

No more for life or safety caring :

Close came the foe ; Ben madly cried,

Ye adverse powers, come on, I dare ye ;

Then springing from the vessel's side,

Rush'd on the foe, and died for Mary.

*Poor Jack.*

**H**ERE I am, poor Jack !

Just returned from sea,

With shiners in my sack,

Pray what d'ye think of me ?

These eight long years I've been

Cruising the wide world over,

Many strange fights I've seen,—

But I wish the wars were over.

I've sail'd in many a flood,

Where cans of grog did pour.

Fought up to my knees in blood,

Where bullets flew in showers :

Where the French cried out, *Mar Bleu !*

The Dutch cried out, *Peccavi !*

The Danes and Spaniards too,

Went tumbling to Old Dayy.

We tars do brave the gale,  
 In hail or rain, or fog;  
 Our purser often schemes  
 To cheat us of our grog :  
 But I've cross'd the equinoctial line,  
 Where the sun would scorch your nose  
 off,  
 And I've sail'd in such a frigid clime,  
 The frost would nip your toes off.

It was off the coast of Spain,  
 Coming from a six months' cruise,  
 How little did I think  
 Of hearing of such news;  
 For I heard the people swear  
 Concerning the invasion,  
 But this I know full well,  
 To be all a botheration.

We arrived at the Nore,  
 Cast anchor in the night;  
 Looking towards the shore,  
 A boat appear'd in sight :  
 As on the yard we lay,  
 Our topsails for to furl,  
 I heard the pilot say,  
 There was peace with all the world.



But I wish there were a peace,  
 And all our lads on shore,  
 With shiners in our sack,  
 And go to sea no more.  
 But if the wars break out again,  
 Damn me, if I don't enter!  
 And, like a jolly tar,  
 Both my life and limbs I'll venture.

*Ned Mizen.*

NED Mizen lov'd a maid call'd Anna,  
 Fair as the rose in June was she;  
 Her gentle air and pleasing manner,  
 Made him forget his toil at sea.  
 The word was giv'n to sail one morning,  
 Fate parted thus the maid and youth,  
 But not before—deception scorning—  
 They both had vow'd eternal truth.  
 Ned scarce had left his blooming Anna,  
 Before a suitor came to woo,  
 Who, tho' of rough, ferocious manner,  
 Had gold in store, if Fame speaks true;  
 Which made her father fix next morning  
 For them to wed!—Poor Anna sigh'd—  
 But yet, all disobedience scorning,  
 Gave up her love—then pin'd, and died.

Full soon arriv'd the fatal story,  
 Of what poor Anna had besel,  
 To Ned engag'd in England's glory,  
 Which shock'd him as it were death's  
 knell !

" Adieu," cried he, " to blifs for ever,  
 Since fate me Anna has denied !  
 I go," said he, " where gold can't sever  
 True love—plung'd in the wave, and  
 died !

*Heaving of the Lead.*

FOR England when, with fav'ring gale,  
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,  
 And, scudding under easy sail,  
 The high blue western land appear'd ;  
 To heave the lead, the seaman sprung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
 " By the deep—nine !"

And bearing up to gain the port,  
 Some well-known object kept in view ;  
 An abbey-tow'r, an harbour-fort,  
 Or beacon to the vessel true ;  
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
 " By the mark—seven !"

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,  
 With transport we beheld the roof  
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,  
 Of faith and love a matchless proof.  
 The lead once more the seaman flung,  
 And to the watchful pilot sung,  
 "Quarter less—five."

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh;  
 We shorten sail—she feels the tide—  
 "Stand clear the cable is the cry—  
 The anchor's gone; we safely ride."  
 The watch is set, and through the night,  
 We hear the seamen with delight,  
 Proclaim, "All's well!"

*FINIS.*